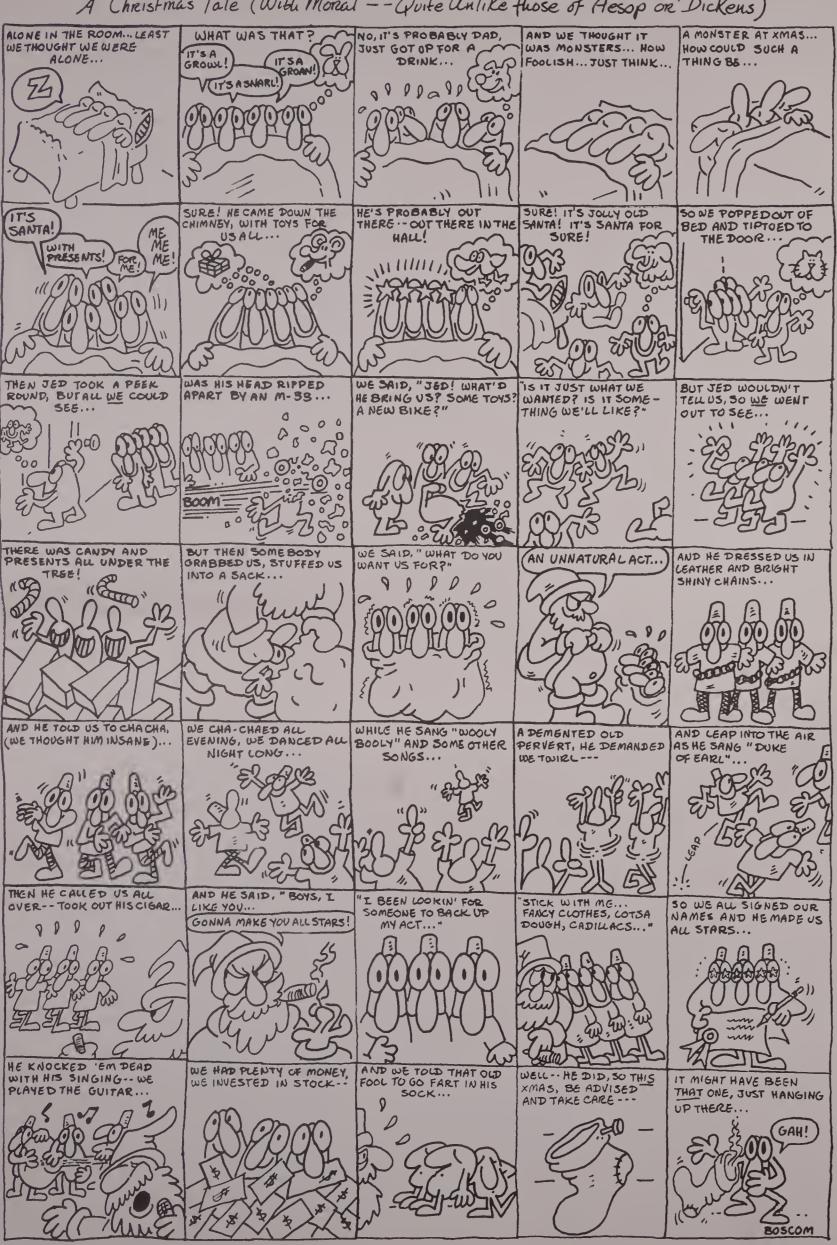
## A Christmas Tale (With Monal -- Quite Unlike those of Aesop on Dickens)





Blustery days, frost freeze nights, time we call December again comes to call. Within the winds and grey dwells a sacred center, when spirits rise together, sharing same songs and akin purpose, a different light shines, and sounds of the season are at hand.

Wrapped in scents of pine and smoking cedar, tinsel glitter sparks the eye, the days move on to the wane of the month and the special moments awaiting there. For children there is no finer time for their days are filled with the stuff of night dreams. We too, the older, carry our fantasies with us, but their beginnings drift from a misty past, sadly clouded by the sweep of time. But, if we wish, they will tumble forth, to bridge past and present, and join the snowfalls, hung stockings, and popcorn strings of yesterday to the warm fires, prism baubles, and sparkling tree of today. For the Day will always be singular as the source of many memories to be held close in the night before, surely the longest night of all.

We here share the spirit of the time and transform it into perhaps the most enjoyable event of the year — the Christmas Crafts Sale and Exhibition. Atmosphere flows rich in the coming together of the school to barter hand crafted goods as gifts fo special friend or to purchase a season gift for yourself. My best memories of the M.C.A. Community are during this time; evergreens filling the galleries in all space not already occupied by bowl, cup, or glass. George Harrison joined us two years and cloaked us all in his music, adding to air already filled with

Once a year, the craftspeople of M.C.A. lay their wares before us and share the creations of their hands. We should strive to extend these sharing times and widen their scope to include all, as not merely creator and admirer but as both with much to offer.

I hope the success of past years again follows our craftsmen for their contribution to the College and the Season.

Your sense of humor is infantile, and anally oriented. If you think you are doing some service to society (namely us) by being shocking and/or disrespectful (i.e. revolutionary) you are just reflecting and revealing your spoiled middle american child status that you sprang from.

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Wake up! Thomas Toohey

Look, how about getting off your anal fixation, dropping the amateur Freudian shrink bit, and getting some concrete contributions our way? It's because of verbose, non-contributors like you that the future of this paper is in danger, so get yourself going and help us out!

(We're just being nice cuz it's Christmas!)

-The Editors











